

# TV FICTION CLASSICS

## "LIKE A DAUGHTER"

A MOTHER AND SON  
CHECK IN AT A 'FAT FARM'...  
BUT IT ONLY ACCEPTS FEMALES!



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**“LIKE A DAUGHTER”**

**BY**  
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**CONCEPT BY C.V.**

**Published by**

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**QUOTE BOARD**

*"Today put on perfection, and a woman's name."  
John Donne, "Epithalamion Made at Lincoln's Inn."*

# “LIKE A DAUGHTER”

Concept by C.V.

Written by Alice Trail and Sandy Thomas

*There are few opportunities in life that afford us the luxury of revealing our most unknown selves; when they arrive, they should be seized with an open heart.*

I was a successful actress until I gained a lot of weight, and my career started to decline. I would diet, but I couldn't get my weight under control. Oh, I'd drop a few pounds here and there, but then I'd go on an eating binge and gain it all back, plus a bit more. My weight and its effect on my son and me, is what led to our bizarre problem. But then, I'm getting ahead of myself.

When the phone rang that fateful morning, I was deeply depressed and thinking about my obesity. I know it's hard to believe, but at the time, I was eating a large bowl of ice cream covered with chocolate syrup. You see, the more I brooded over my acting career that was going down the toilet, the more despondent I became. The more despondent I became, the more I ate. The more I ate, the more weight I gained. The more weight I gained, the more I brooded. I was on a self-imposed carousel and couldn't get off. I knew obesity was a major liability for any actress, but I couldn't help myself. Oh sure, I had tried dieting and even attended a few “fat farms” but the results never lasted more than a few months at best.

The call was from my agent. He had arranged a meeting with a Hollywood producer who was a fan of mine. The script called for a younger more svelte actress than myself, but with a strict diet and makeup, he thought I could pull it off. This picture was to be a major production and was exactly what my career desperately needed to revive itself. If I could land this part, I would be back in the spotlight, and my career would be off and running again. Needless to say, I was ecstatic!

After series of meetings, lunches, and dinners, I was offered the part. . . on the condition that I lose forty pounds by Labor Day. FORTY POUNDS!!!

"Labor Day!" I exclaimed. "But, that's only three months away! Forty pounds is a lot of weight to lose in that time."

"Nevertheless, that is the condition," the producer answered. "If you can't or won't lose the weight, we'll simply find someone who's willing to pay the price."

"Oh, I'm willing to sacrifice for the part alright," I quickly injected before he lost interest. "It's just that I've been to fat farms before, and even they don't get that kind of results. Forty pounds in three months is. . . is impossible!"

"Impossible for most places maybe but not for this place in Arizona called the Cinderella Complex," he countered. "They are famous the world over for helping females to enhance their beauty, grace, elegance, and careers. Their prices are outrageous, but they have a long waiting list. I've seen the results they produce. If I were in your shoes, I'd check into their program. I'll send you a brochure."

As I left his office, I felt the old drive and determination that I had when I was an aspiring young actress begin to engulf me, and I resolved to do whatever was necessary to lose the required weight. I had not been so determined in years.

The following brochure came in the mail:

### **THE CINDERELLA COMPLEX**

#### **Helping women is our business!**

"Beautiful ladies are not born .. they're carefully cultivated" This is the philosophy of The CINDERELLA COMPLEX, the internationally renowned expert on femininity and weight loss. Our weight loss products and regimen can help any woman to have a thin, beautiful, naturally slender figure in just weeks.

As a young girl in Romania, Dr. Elizabeth E. Freed, our Director, noticed that the most glamorous and elegant women were always able to keep their figures trim without fad diets and without much work. With this idea as her inspiration, Dr. Freed undertook arduous training in the care, weight control, and beauty of ladies. She studied with leading European rejuvenation and nutritional experts. After emigrating to the

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United States, she founded the CINDERELLA COMPLEX. Recognizing the danger and damage that fad diets may cause, she created her own safe and natural method of weight loss with the support of medical doctors.

As her reputation grew, so did her list of fashionable clients. In 1969, she opened the CINDERELLA COMPLEX with a staff of personally trained technicians.

Your 'CINDERELLA' stay and treatment begins with an analysis of your body type, a personality profile and medical exam. Every treatment is customized to the patient and designed to meet the needs of such specific problems as obesity, under development of ones feminine assets, eating disorders, and beauty.

At the Cinderella Complex Clinic, specialized techniques include "natural body shaping" — a healthy remedy for creating attractive curves and a feminine figure—a safe alternative to silicone, lipo-suction and artificial body enhancers.

Today, Dr. Freed is a legend in the world of beauty and fashion. She has been interviewed and quoted extensively in the fashion and beauty press and on television. Her expertise has brought her international fame and an ever-increasing number of devotees.

"A beautiful figure is a must to give a woman complete finished grace and charm," Dr. Freed says. "Every woman will find that the results are well worth the time and money spent on an effective beauty regimen. Our program is complete. You will lose the weight, and keep it off. You will learn to feel better about your femininity and develop grace and charm.

For more information call:  
1-800-555-3249 toll free.

That was the last thing I got from them for free. My conviction; however, was severely tested when I called to inquire into this supposed miracle establishment. Their prices were exorbitant! They knew their figures, all right. . .well into five figures. I was speechless when I was told of their fee. Since I hadn't worked for quite some time, the stay would virtually wipe out my savings.

The voice on the other end became very testy at my reluctance to commit. "You must make up your mind," she said. "We have only one adult and one teenage position remaining. The session starts June first, so we have to quickly finalize our client list."

That evening, my seventeen year old son Dana came home to find me deep in thought. Oh, I had long since made up my mind to bite the financial bullet and attend the complex. I just didn't know what to do with Dana for the summer. Finding someone to keep a boisterous teenage boy at the last moment would be difficult, as most of my friends had already made their vacation plans.

Dana had entered puberty with a vengeance, and I certainly couldn't ask any of my friends with teenage girls to look after him, nor could I leave him alone in New York. At seventeen, Dana was short for a boy at 5' 7", and like most teenagers, he wore his light brown hair almost to his shoulders. He was a typical teenager who liked rich foods and, like myself, was quite a bit overweight.

Anyway, when Dana came home, I was in a deep quandary. Given his weight problem, I knew the simple solution would be to take him along to the complex to lose a few pounds, but I couldn't afford it. Not at those prices! Since my problem concerned him as much as myself, I discussed it with him to see if he could suggest a solution. When I mentioned that they had a program for teens, he jumped at the chance.

"Please Mom. . .let me go with you!" he begged. "We could lose weight together and give each other moral support. I don't want to go back to school as a fatso!"

His pleas yanked at my heart strings. I knew how he felt when the other kids called him names like fat boy, jelly belly, and many others that weren't nearly so kind. I also remembered how he cried all night after this girl he had a crush on, laughed in his face when he asked her for a date! You should have seen the poor depressed boy. I wanted nothing more than to take him with me so he could spend his senior year in high school with a trim figure. All this aside, I had to face the facts. "It's terribly expensive," I answered hesitantly, "and since I haven't worked much lately, I can't afford for both of us to go."

"Couldn't I use some of the money from my college fund?" he asked. "I could work the next two summers and pay a lot of it back. Please Mom, take me with you."

I knew I shouldn't let him dip into his college fund, but it did seem to be the perfect solution. Besides, when I signed my movie contract, I could easily replace the money. I could consider it a loan. With this in mind, I agreed to the withdrawal, and we were all set. I called the Cinderella Complex the following morning and accepted the last two spots for myself and Dana. After making out the check and regretting all those zeros, I posted it in the overnight mail.

Two days later, we received an envelope containing more brochures about the complex as well as testimonials from various satisfied clients.

I was glad to see that the program for kids was rather extensive with plenty of sports activities. The agenda called for jogging, tennis, swimming, group aerobics, calisthenics, and other strenuous pursuits. There were even dancing lessons. I told Dana to be sure to pack his tennis racket, although he wasn't very good because of his weight.

My greatest failure in all the excitement of looking at snapshots of breathtaking scenery, modern facilities, and well kept grounds was that I was so impressed with the before and after photos of the beautiful women that I never really READ the brochure.

Dana never even bothered to look at the brochures. He was too busy packing for his exciting trip out west.

When we arrived at the facility on the appointed day I was impressed by the large spread of the mansion-like property, the neatly manicured lawns, the modern buildings, and the elaborate security, as the entire place was surrounded by a fence with a husky female guard at the gate. I showed my pass, and we were admitted; however, Dana and I were immediately separated.

"The youngster goes to building G, and you should report to the admissions office where you will meet the director and receive your assignments," the guard said politely.

"See you later Mom," Dana said good naturedly as he strode away.

When I entered the reception center, I was quickly introduced to none other than Dr. Freed, the clinic's fa-

mous founder and director. She was an imposing woman as she stood straight and had a no nonsense look about her.

"You were lucky to get in on such short notice," she said curtly. "We're usually booked months in advance, but this time, we had a last minute cancellation. Still, your spot would have gone to someone else if the studio hadn't called on your behalf. Since they're such good clients, I bent the rules a bit. Now, sign these papers, and we'll finalize your registration."

"Why is she being so abrupt?" I remember thinking as I handed the completed forms to her. "She's getting rich off me!"

"In case you are expecting preferential treatment because of your fame, don't. Our clientele ranges from rich aristocrats to middle class housewives, so to prevent the inception of a caste system, we treat everyone alike. That way, we have only fat women who sincerely want to return to normal proportions."

I nearly flared up at the "fat" and "normal" suggestions, but the telephone rang, interrupting my train of thought.

She answered the phone, and after a few seconds, said, "Oh no! But, that's impossible! Are you sure?" After a pause, she spat, "Just how stupid can they get? Okay, send him up here, and I'll take care of it." She slammed the phone down and looked icily at me. "This is an outrage! Why did you bring a boy here? Didn't you read in the literature that we cater exclusively to females?"

"N....no, I must have missed it," I stammered.

She was obviously angry as her eyes turned hard and her expression became intense. "Our policy of not accepting males or even allowing them on the premises is well known!" she shouted. "We naturally assumed that Dana was a girl. Your blatant indifference, has violated our most sacred directive. Such flagrant disregard for our rules is unforgivable and can mean only one thing. Both you and your son will be expelled immediately, and since we will be unable to obtain replacements at this late date, your fees are to be forfeited."

The impact of her words caused me to panic. Near the point of tears, I sputtered, "But....but I have to lose forty pounds by Labor Day. My whole future depends on it. On top of that, I can't afford to lose all that money. Can't Dana

fit in somehow?" I begged. "He's a good kid, and I'm sure he'll do his best."

At that time, Dana joined us, and Dr. Freed read him the same riot act. After several minutes of heated tirade, she sat dejectedly at her desk.

I had made a firm mental resolve to complete this program, lose the weight, and revive my status as a star. Losing this opportunity would be the end of my acting career. "Please, Dr. Freed, this is my last chance!" I pleaded. "I've thrown everything I have, including my son's college fund, into this endeavor. Is there nothing we can do to work this out?"

"I wish there were!" she answered frankly while maintaining her harsh demeanor. "We've never had a communication failure like this before, and this will definitely ruin the reputation of this complex. I'm afraid we'll never live it down. Never!"

At that point, our conversation was interrupted by Dana who spoke with his voice near breaking and tears in his eyes. "Please don't turn us away doctor. I'll do anything to be slim like my friends when I return to school this fall, but more than that, I want Mother to have a chance at reviving her acting career. I'll do whatever you say if you'll just let us stay."

In my opinion, Dana's heart rendering plea should have melted even a witch's heart, but it seemingly had little if any effect on Dr. Freed. Her expression remained hard. . .like stone. . .ice cold stone.

I then added, "I thought there were several recent Supreme Court rulings that stated you couldn't discriminate by sex?"

I thought I detected an evil gleam in her eye as she said, "Very well. Since you're so *eager* to stay here and experience our program, I'll make an exception and allow you to stay. But, since we aren't staffed for males, Dana will have to undergo the same training as the girls. This is a one time offer and is not negotiable! Take it or leave it or see me in court!"

Knowing we had narrowly dodged expulsion and the loss of our money, Dana and I glanced nervously at each other as we nodded our acceptance of Dr. Freed's proposal.

"Good!" Dr. Freed said as a triumphant gleam appeared in her eye. "Then you agree?"

"Y...yes," I answered a bit hesitantly as we got up to leave.

"Just a minute!" Dr. Freed commanded. "I want both of you to understand that this arrangement is a major concession in the by-laws of this establishment. Therefore, if I hear one word of complaint from either of you, out you both go! And remember, if you are expelled, your fees will be forfeited! Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Very well," she said with finality, "then get to your quarters!"

When I arrived in my room, I understood why the fees were so enormous. The suite was lavish, with large cheerful windows giving a breathtaking view of the mountains in the distance. Comfortable, expensive furniture filled the living room. The bedroom had rose carpet, attractive furniture, and a bed one wanted to jump into. The large bathroom was immaculately clean with gleaming fixtures.

That evening at dinner, Dr. Freed's voice came over the speaker. "Ladies, enjoy your last meal for the next three months. Tonight, there will be no restrictions on what or how much you eat. All that will change tomorrow, so for tonight, have fun."

Looking around the dining room, I counted fifteen overweight adults and fifteen obese teenage girls that appeared to range around sixteen to eighteen years of age. Dana was indeed the only male in the group, and he received many strange stares from the women and girls alike.

Both Dana and I followed Dr. Freed's suggestion and enjoyed a hearty meal. We even finished it off with ice cream and cake, and despite the distracting stares from the curious onlookers, we enjoyed ourselves. Later when we parted, we renewed our pledges to obey the rules and complete our weight losing mission. After all, three months wasn't forever. . .or was it?

The next morning, I was awakened by chimes. The kind you hear on cruise ships to announce dinner. Under the door was the daily newsletter which gave us an hour by hour schedule of meals, seminars, free time and other required details. My name was written at the top and my

required attendance items were highlighted. I noted that there were many more "Youth classes". I guessed that they wanted to keep the young hands busy.

Our first day at the complex was mostly taken up with physicals, having our middles laced into unbelievably tight corsets, and fittings for our uniforms. Yes, corsets! We were informed that the corsets were to help in reducing our appetites and to shape our waists back to normal. In time, we were told, the corsets would reduce our waists to 22 inches, thereby giving us a neat 24 inch non-corseted waist. As an added humility, we were given a wide white belt with bold black numerals proclaiming the dimensions of our rotund waists to anyone who cared to look. I'm embarrassed to say that mine read 33" despite my tight corset.

"The clothes you brought here won't fit after a couple of weeks, so as your bodies shrink, you will be issued smaller, more flattering clothing to conform to your new attractive figures," the flier stated. "For the present, however, you will be expected to dress nicely for dinner from your current wardrobes."

We were assigned an exercise partner and informed that we would do all things together during our stay at the complex including performing extra exercises and running punishment laps, no matter which of us was at fault. We were even to dress alike each day so our instructors could recognize the pairings.

My partner's waist, at 35 inches, was even larger than my own. Her name was Connie, and she was the wife of a Texas oil tycoon. She had tried and failed to lose weight many times and was at the complex because of her husband's insistence.

The rest of the day was spent walking, stretching and other "excretions". I was beginning to see that I wouldn't be laying around waiting for the weight to fall off.

That night after a early and meager dinner, Connie and I sat at the table commiserating with each other about our paltry meal and the small amount of food we had been allowed at our other meals. We were both in a foul mood and feeling sorry for ourselves when a group of nicely dressed, yet overweight, teenage girls entered the dining room. As I absent-mindedly looked them over, I received the shock of my life! There. . .dressed like the girls. . .in a

pretty dress. . .was Dana! My SON. . .wearing a DRESS! All the girls had smock style dresses that really showed how fat they were. Actually the dresses hung around their big bellies and looked like maternity wear.

Seeing my open-mouthed stare, Dana left the group and stumbled over to where I sat. That's when I saw that he was wearing pumps with two inch heels. He looked so innocently sweet. . .actually pretty. . .especially for a fat boy in a dress!

"You've got to do something Mother!" he cried. "Look how those crazy people made me dress. They took away all my clothes and made me wear this girl's stuff! I can't go around dressed like this. I'm a BOY. . .but they don't care!"

I was too shocked to say anything. Later after the evening aerobics, we had another small meal (snack). We ate many small meals rather than big ones. Dana had changed into an immaculate, well fitting white nylon dress with short cuffed sleeves and a round neck, a bright yellow jumper style dress with a flaring skirt to just below his knees, his bulging chest showed he was wearing a padded bra, and around his neatly brushed hair was a yellow band.

I assumed he was now corseted like me because around his middle was a belt proclaiming his waist to be 31 inches, two inches smaller than mine. Being too stunned to respond, I looked him over. I had agreed for him to undergo the same training as the girls, but nothing had been said



*"Dana—a fat boy in a dress. but somehow he looked cute."*

about him having to dress like them. Still, despite my shock, I had to admit that he looked cute, even with his excess weight.

When I was slow to reply, Dana renewed his plea for help. "Don't just sit there Mother! You've got to do something! I can't stay here and dress like this for three months!" For emphasis, he held out his skirt and in the process revealed a white nylon slip with a narrow band of lace at the hem.

"You bet I will do something son, and right now!" I stormed as I turned my outrage toward the woman who had led the group into the room. "What's the meaning of this? Why is my son wearing a dress?"

"His attire is in accordance with Dr. Freed's instructions," she spat. Her eyes were hard and her features like stone. "If you have a complaint, I suggest you take it up with her in the morning. Now, get back to your seat, and let me do my job!"

I could see that nothing would be gained by arguing with this determined person, so I turned to Dana and said, "I'm sure there's a simple miscommunication between Dr. Freed and her staff because they aren't used to having boys here. I'll have a talk with her in the morning and get everything straightened out. In the meantime, just do as they say, and try to make the best of a bad situation."

"But Mother," he pleaded as tears formed in his eyes, "this is a DRESS, and they treat me like a GIRL. They call me 'Miss'."

Before I could respond further, the woman grabbed his wrist and forcefully propelled him back to the table where the girls were sitting. "That little outburst will cost you and your partner an extra hour of aerobics!" she exclaimed. "Maybe that will help you learn to obey instructions!"

"But, I didn't do anything wrong," pleaded a large girl as Dana took his seat beside her. "Why do I have to do the extra work?"

"You were told that all punishments would be dispensed out to the offender as well as to her partner," the woman responded with a sneer. "This will encourage you to work together and to lend each other moral support, thereby accelerating your progress in losing weight and in becoming proper young ladies. And Mia, you are to be no exception. Now, let's hear no more on that subject."

From a table with sixteen girls, or fifteen girls and one boy as it were, one would expect a lot of boisterous gabbing and giggling, but following the instructor's outburst, this group was strangely quiet. Only the occasional correction. . . "Debbie, keep your left hand in your lap. . . Mia, don't use your fingers. . . Dana, sit up straight. . . Gloria, take smaller bites. . . remember, you're ladies not animals," and the meek replies. . . "Yes, Ms. Lynstrom. . . I'm sorry Ms. Lynstrom," could be heard.

It was like Army boot camp. Connie and I were assessed an extra hour of aerobics like Dana and his partner. I left the dining room in bewilderment from seeing my son wearing a dress.

Later, as I lay in bed, I wondered what Dana was wearing. After what I had seen at dinner, I doubted that he'd be sleeping in his cotton pajamas.

The next morning I awoke to the chimes and hot coffee outside my door. I read my daily schedule but what concerned me was under the "Youth" section, I read:

**Acquiring the Look! Teen Modeling.**

**We will help you break out of shyness and develop confidence—you will unfold from the fat, unsightly person into an alluring young lady. Course consists of Image, Make-up, Hair styling, Acting, Comportment and more!!**

**Daily class begins today—arrive with clean face but no makeup and the makeup mirror from your vanity.**

Surely they wouldn't make Dana take this course too, would they??? I had to talk with Dr. Freed!

Our training started with a vengeance, and I didn't get a chance to talk with Dr. Freed until mid-morning. By that time, I was in a foul mood. Hunger from meager portions of food and tired and sore muscles from running and exercising combined to intensify my outburst. "Making my son dress like a girl is an outrage," I screeched as I entered her office, "and I will not stand for it!"

"Very well," Dr. Freed calmly stated. "Then the two of you will be checking out. I will notify Security of your departure."

Her matter-of-fact attitude caught me completely off guard. "W...wait a minute," I stammered. I hadn't meant

to offer an ultimatum that would ban Dana and I from the complex. "I didn't mean to imply that we were leaving."

"What else could you possibly intend?" she said in a calm tone. "You just said you wouldn't obey our rules. The rules are not flexible here."

She had taken my assault without flinching and put me on the defensive with a minimum effort. I knew that if I was to lose the required weight, I would have to remain at the complex for the next three months. And since I could make no other arrangements for Dana at this late date, he would have to remain with me. "I...I don't wish to leave, doctor," I said uneasily, knowing we were on the brink of being kicked out. Still, I had to make another pitch for Dana. "I just don't understand why my son has to dress like a girl to lose weight."

"We have only ONE system here. . .one set of rules. The purpose of his wearing dresses isn't to help him lose weight," she responded sarcastically. "That purpose is to preserve the integrity of the complex and our system."

"I don't understand," I answered.

"Our policy of admitting females only is widely known, and our reputation depends on that approach. If word got out that we enrolled a male, our credibility would be destroyed. The reason you are here now is to determine if you can abide his wearing dresses and appearing to be a girl for the next three months. If not, my first question still applies. What time will the two of you be leaving?"

"Can't we discuss this?" I pleaded.

"I'm afraid not," she answered. "On this issue there can be no compromise. You will be allowed to stay and participate in our excellent weight loss program if, and only if, you obey our rules and Dana fits into the SYSTEM. That requires him to wear our uniforms. . .dresses, and be trained at what the girls do. You can consider his attire to be a disguise if you like, but I'm afraid that is the final word!"

She wasn't leaving room for negotiation, but I still felt a compulsion to delay a decision that would condemn Dana to wear dresses for the next three months. "How complete would his disguise have to be?" I asked uncomfortably. "Would he have to wear. . .you know. . .girl's undies. . .and things? Would he have to learn makeup and all those other things too?"

"Oh yes. . .definitely. ONE SYSTEM," she responded with a smile. "He'll be learning everything else that goes with being a girl. His disguise must be complete and from the skin out. We can't have a visitor or prospective client recognizing him as a boy. That would destroy our reputation. He must appear to one and all as a girl. Now, you've stalled long enough. What is your answer. . .yes or no?"

I did not answer right away. I wanted to protect my son, but I had to think of my career and the reason for our coming here in the first place. "If I don't agree," I muttered sadly, "my career will be over. I don't know how I could ever justify such a decision to Dana. He will feel so totally betrayed. What do you think of Dana's chances of losing weight? He's got quite an appetite."

"He's got a behind like a cow," she said bluntly, "and his flesh is awkwardly distributed on his slightly built frame. His belly is like a jelly bowl and he's decidedly flabby."

I gasped at her bluntness. I wanted to slap her but she was right.

She continued, "He must lose weight or he will die young. As for his appetite, I'm sure we can help. As the staff psychologist, I can use counseling and hypnotherapy to help him accept his exercise, low calorie intake, and his feminine role. You too will benefit from this therapy as it is very effective."

"Very well," I sighed deeply exhaling. "Since I must choose between my ability to earn a decent living. . .or my son growing up obese, the only logical choice is my career. . .I mean my son losing weight. I don't suppose pretending to be like a girl for a few months will do him any real harm. When do I tell him?"

"You'll have to wait until Sunday at dinner," she gushed with noticeable pleasure brought on by my decision. "Sunday dinner and an hour afterwards is the only time you will be allowed contact with each other. Our experience shows limited visits between family members is advisable to reduce emotional outbursts."

"But, that's almost a week away!"

"No matter. He's in good hands. Now, go back to your classes and concentrate on your weight loss and the fabulous career you will soon be reviving."

I left her office, and to my surprise, Dana's plight was soon thrust to the back of my mind. Concern for my own

hunger and sore muscles took command and certainly did nothing to reinforce my commitment to lose the stipulated forty pounds.

During the next few days, I saw Dana and his group several times on the jogging trails, in the gym, and at mealtime. On the grounds, he wore white girl's shorts with an obvious panty line, a sleeveless pullover that covered a realistically padded bra for an overweight girl, and a stretch band in his long hair. The unfamiliar bouncing of his "chest" caused him to appear awkward and uncoordinated but he'd always been a lumbering fat boy.

At dinner, he was always decked out in a stylish dress, nylons or pantyhose, and medium heels. During these times, I observed that his hair had been fluffed out into a feminine style and that his legs had been smoothly shaved. I found out later that they had taught him to shave them correctly like a young girl. I noted he was also wearing a light make-up.

Apparently, like me, extra exercise and food reduction had taught him a lesson about talking to me without permission because he made no move to do so at those times. He would, however, look at me with sad, pleading eyes that spoke volumes. How would I ever be able to console him since my failure to read the literature and my decision to stay at the complex, not Dr. Freed's mandate, had destined him to a feminine existence for the next three months?

"Oh well," I thought in an effort to ease my conscience, "wearing 'different' clothes and learning a few things about womanhood for a while won't kill him. After all, he's losing weight like he wanted." With thoughts like that, I could always dismiss Dana's dilemma from my mind until something jolted me back to reality. Like when I was shaving my legs. . . I couldn't help but wonder if my son was doing the very same thing at that very same moment.

As I went through my daily feminine grooming, I realized that Dana was being trained and disciplined to femininely groom himself with make-up, hair styling, and fashion.

Each morning I looked at the agenda under the "Youth" section, giving me an idea of what was happening to Dana. Seminars such as:

## FASHION, FUN, and FIGURES

**Discover which clothing styles are best for your body shape while learning new ways to work with personal "figure challenges." Learn what shape face you have and which hair styles, earring designs, and which hemlines are best for you. You'll learn what necklines enhance your bust and the other tricky ways to get the boys to look.**

I tried not to think about what this was doing to Dana.

Sunday, the day for my talk with Dana arrived much the same as any other day. We were awakened early for our jogging and group exercises, but that's when our routine changed. After our usual light breakfast, we were allowed free time for religious services, rest, or whatever we desired.

Following a meager lunch, we were weighed, measured, laced into a new tight corset, and issued a belt that pronounced our new dimensions, just like the first day of our training. I was ecstatic when I learned that I had lost six pounds and an inch off my waist. The starvation and strenuous exercises were really paying off! I wondered if Dana had met with the same success.

My partner Connie, who had much more weight and several more inches to lose than me, lost nine pounds and two inches. She really rubbed it in when she learned of my lesser losses.

"What do you attribute your greater success to?" I asked.

"Dr. Freed's counseling," she answered confidently. "With those post hypnotic suggestions, I seem to work harder, I don't get really hungry until an hour or so before mealtime, and those tiny portions seem to satisfy me. You should get an appointment! It really works! Look at me!"

"Do you think you can get your waist down to 24 inches?" I asked.

A cloud seemed to cover her face, and her enthusiasm waned as she pondered my question. "I don't know," she mused. "That's a long way to go, and it may be a bit of a stretch." Then just as quickly, she lit up with a smile and she said, "With Dr. Freed's help, the hard work, and these

small meals, at least I think I've got a shot at it. You know, I haven't been that small in years!"

When this ordeal was over, we were allowed to visit the beautician's where we all asked for and received "the works". I had a facial complete with make over, a new perm, and a manicure. We hadn't been so pampered since our arrival at the complex, and the luxurious treatment took our minds off our experiences of the preceding week and those to come.

Still, in spite of it all the pampering, as the afternoon passed and the time of my meeting with Dana grew near, I grew more and more apprehensive. "What can I say to him?" I asked myself. "How can I make him understand that staying here is in the best interest of us both, even though he has to dress like a girl?"

I was on pins and needles as I waited for Dana to meet me in the dining room that evening. My anxiety, however, suddenly disappeared when I saw him. His appearance had undergone such a drastic change since I last saw him that I wouldn't have recognized him if he hadn't approached my table. I was in total shock as his heels clicked toward me!

His hair had been styled and colored a golden blonde, and for the first time, he was wearing makeup! Blush adorned his cheekbones, mascara, eyeliner and eyeshadow accented his eyes making them appear large and feminine. Bright red lipstick shaped his lips into a sexy pout, and his nails had been manicured and polished to match. His dress, a chic lavender mini cocktail ensemble with sheer chiffon sleeves, tight fitting bodice, and flaring lace overskirt, was more elaborate than he had worn before. Even his jewelry, a four strand pearl necklace, pearl bracelet, and pearl earrings, was no less than vogue!

"Look what they've done to me, Mom!" he said as he rushed into my waiting arms. "And, they're making me learn to put all this stuff on myself! I hate it! Can't you see that these people are crazy? Let's get out of here. . .now!" He went on to complain about having to shave his legs, curl his hair and such.

My first reaction, I have to admit, was to agree with him. "The audacity of that woman!" my mind screamed. "Where does she get off, doing this to my son? I know I agreed for him to wear a few dresses and things as a

disguise to protect the reputation of the complex, but this. . .shaving his legs. . .and making him wear makeup is. . .is going too far! Maybe we should leave!"

Then, as I contemplated the repercussions of our departure, losing my career instead of my excess weight, I quickly reconsidered and said, "Now Dana. . .not so quickly. Let's not act too hasty. Dr. Freed wants us to leave. . .can't you see that?" Using all my skill as an actress, I was trying to appease his outrage and prevent him from sensing my true feelings. "If we leave voluntarily," I continued, "she will be rid of the male on her premises and can keep our money to boot. Sit down, and let's talk this over."

"But Mom . . .," he pleaded.

"Sit down," I repeated in a firm, yet reassuring voice. "There's more at stake here than your macho pride. You have lost weight like you wanted, right?"

He nodded but complained, "But I have to wear a corset!"

"So do I! Now SIT!"

Reluctantly, he took his seat, all the while staring at me with pleading eyes.

Somehow, I had to make him understand that we had to stay, lose the weight, and why. As before, the only explanations I had were my career, the weight we both wanted to lose, and the money we would forfeit if we quit. He just had to understand! I noticed that he smoothed his skirt beneath him and sat with his knees pressed tightly together as I went through our options once more.

"But Mom, I can't stay here wearing dresses, makeup and girl's stuff," he countered while pulling back his hair. "And. . .and look at my hair! Blond like a girl's."

He had a point there I had to admit, but in spite of my hunger and sore muscles, I was still firm in my resolve to salvage my career at any cost. "You shouldn't worry," I replied. "We'll have the color changed the minute we leave here. Just do your best to get along."

Looking into his eyes, I could see my arguments weren't working, so I fell back on my parental authority and said, "I know this is very unusual, but pretending to be a girl for a while shouldn't do you any harm. . .and the weight loss will be good for you."

Near tears, he cried, "What if someone sees me?"

"Who's to see?" I responded. "All these people are strangers, and when we leave, we'll never see them again." Then, in an attempt to divert his thoughts, I asked, "How much weight have you lost?"

"Six pounds and an inch off my waist," he answered with a hint of pride in his voice.

"Exactly the same as me," I exclaimed. "See, their program is working already! Before long, we'll have lost the weight and be out of here. Let's forget this arguing and enjoy our visit. By the way, have you seen Dr. Freed?"

"No, but Mia has," he replied. "Do you think I should?"

"I suppose both of us should," I answered somewhat unsure. "Connie swears that the hypno-therapeutic suggestions strengthen her resolve to reduce, ward off her hunger until just before meals, and make her ignore her corset."

"I could sure use both of those suggestions," he mourned. "I'm hungry all the time, and this darn corset is cutting me in half."

"What measurement goal do you have to achieve?" I asked.

"Twenty inches corseted and 22 without," he answered. "Don't you think that's way too small for a boy?"

"It sure is," I answered breathlessly, "I doubt if you will make that goal. . .that's a girl's target size. Anyway, I'm sure you'll lose weight all over and that can't hurt you, can it?"

I was beginning to wonder about the corsets. They were all specially made for the clinic. Made of a spandex powernet fabric, I read that they were designed to reduce as we did. . .meaning that the garment maintained control of our shape, hugging our waists like a second skin. Could it's powerful flat seams create natural womanly contours even on Dana?

I noticed Dana's glossy polished nails. I saw that each nail had been filed round and measured one-quarter inch in length from his fingertips. Each were polished to perfection, their shape and texture were quite feminine. What bothered me the most was the way Dana held his hands. . .dainty and limp wristed like a woman. . .actually like I would. "Why are you sitting with your hands like that?" I asked.

"Ohhh," Dana blushed. "It's part of the comportment training. They put a nail polish on that doesn't dry very fast. . .I'm to pretend that my manicure is wet all the time---it's implied that I'll learn to treat my nails more tenderly. I'm not to smudge them or I have to take it all off and start over with new polish. . .I'm sick of polishing them."

Dana was learning what young girls learn. . .that you don't use your nails as tools to open things. I even use the eraser end of a pencil to dial the phone to save mine. I wondered if they'd teach Dana that trick too?

We had an enjoyable, although somewhat tense, meal and parted with Dana making one last appeal for me to reverse my decision to stay. "Please Mom, I know you have to reduce, but these people are crazy. Let's get out of here while we can. It's embarrassing to dress like this, and it's awful not being able to talk with you." He made a convincing argument but to no avail as my commitment remained solid.

• • •

A few days later, Connie and I were scheduled for tennis, but when we arrived at the court, a match between two of the girls was still in progress. "Girls," I thought for a moment, but I soon recognized Dana as one of these 'girls'. Both he and his partner were wearing pink knit shirts, pink socks, pink wrist bands, pink plastic visors, and pleated white tennis skirts. Their long hair was tied in a pony tail by a large white bow, they wore light makeup highlighted by pink lipstick, and gold earrings sparkled in their ears.

They were engaged in a close contest and neither of them noticed us. As Dana served and volleyed, his short skirt twisted and bounced with his motions to reveal a pair of ruffled tennis panties. . .panties that fit tightly with the right contours. I watched him play a vigorous game. . .he looked healthy.

I had been concerned that our staying at the complex where Dana would have to dress as a girl would be harmful, but perhaps I was wrong. Watching him, I thought, "He doesn't seem to mind his girlish costume too much especially since he doesn't know I'm here. I'll bet he's not even aware of it most of the time."

The match ended with Dana jumping up and down in excitement over a hard fought victory, further exposing his cute panties. When he noticed Connie and me standing by the fence, his exuberance quickly faded. He blushed and self-consciously smoothed his short skirt down to avoid further exhibitions. His next move was to walk over to where we stood, but he thought better of it and asked his supervisor for permission to speak with us.

She said something more than simply agreeing to his request that we couldn't hear before both he and his partner hurried over.

"Mom, this is Mia," he said with a smile, still unable to conceal his joy over his victory on the court. "She's my partner, and she still hasn't beat me at tennis."

"That's all I haven't beaten you at," she spat back. "and we get a lot more extra duty from your foul ups than from mine Miss Smarty Pants!"

Mia's allegations were undoubtedly true because Dana turned very red and offered no reply.

In an effort to change the subject, I introduced Connie who asked, "What kind of extra duty do you get?"

"All kinds," Mia answered while giving him a hard accusing glare, "and I'm getting sick of it! Dana doesn't know the first thing about being a girl so we get lots of practice. Besides running and aerobics, we get extra work in everything including walking with a book on our heads, makeup and hair styling lessons, learning to follow while dancing, and talking with a soft voice. He's even learning to iron, do minor clothes repair, and to hand wash and care for his delicate fabrics."

Dana was turning redder as Mia continued, "Our instructors are experts, and they make us practice until we get every detail perfect! We get far more punishments than the others, and it's mostly his fault. Miss Lynstrom says he'll never do these things well until he learns to think like a girl. That's why she's assigned him a time for his menstrual period. . .so he'll have to watch the calendar to know when to wear sanitary napkins in his panties and restrict his physical activities."

I looked at Connie who was shaking her head. "Assigned him a period?" I asked. "Isn't that going too far?"

"Ms. Lynstrom doesn't think so, and neither does Dr. Freed," Mia answered. "They say it's in his best interest to think like a girl."

Dana's cheeks burned like fire at these revelations of his shameful ordeal. Dressed as he was and wearing makeup, he could deny nothing. He could only stare silently at the ground and nervously shuffle his feet. Mercifully, their instructor called them away before things could get more embarrassing for him.

"Get me out of this crazy place Mom. . . PLEASE!" was his parting plea.

When they left, I watched Dana's skirt flip back and forth as he swayed off the court. Connie boasted, "Did I tell you that my son is the quarterback for his college team?"

"Oh, shut up, Connie", was all I could say.

Because of Connie's continual praise of Dr. Freed's successes with her, I made an appointment for myself. I just had to see how great one doctor could be. My past negotiations with her certainly hadn't been great. "What the hell?" I thought. "Nothing ventured, nothing gained!"

Dr. Freed apparently was a woman of many talents, and she was a completely different person when I entered her office as a patient. Her demeanor was gentle, and she had a way of putting me quickly at ease. We had talked for only a few minutes when she suggested that I undergo hypnosis for some harmless suggestions that would strengthen my resolve to reduce as well as help with my hunger and sore muscles.

What she said or did, I don't know. The next thing I remember is leaving her office with a motivational audio tape in my hand. Whatever she did worked because I wasn't hungry and my corset didn't hurt for the first time in over a week. The tape, I was told, worked subconsciously to help with body image. It seems that most women feel they are fat even with a perfectly healthy body weight. Curves and jiggles were part of being a woman and didn't mean overweight. The tape's purpose was acceptance of a new realistic body image. . .not super thin but healthy. It made sense.

"Connie was right," I thought as I eagerly contemplated my next appointment with the good doctor.

I saw Dana and the girls mincing into the dining room every evening in their heels, and like them, he always wore a pretty dress, had tasteful makeup and nicely styled hair. He invariably looked at me with pleading eyes but never made any attempt to come over to me.

Whenever his eyes caught mine, I would give him an encouraging wink, but how much encouragement can you put in a wink? Maybe I should do something to help him, I thought. With all this training he is moving elegantly and swinging his arms with a limp wrist like a girl. Maybe it's too much.

I never dreamed my son could look so naturally pretty in a stylish dress. Even his high heels didn't seem to bother him any more. As I watched him walking easily in his heels, smoothing his skirt beneath him as he sat, sitting with his knees together, and talking animatedly with his hands while flashing long red nails and a pretty bracelet, my mind flashed, Oh pooh! He looks nice, and besides, what harm can come from wearing a dress and learning how the other half lives?

Maybe there were other benefits as well. I had hardly been able to get him to run a comb through his hair, and now, he had learned to curl and even style his hair. I sat watching him among the young girls in pretty dresses, some with ribbon bows tying their long hair into bouncy ponytails.

I wished I could help him more but we were both rapidly losing those unwanted pounds. We couldn't leave now!

One evening as I was leaving the dining room, I heard loud voices in the corridor, and I hurried out to see what the shouting was all about. To my surprise, the ruckus was caused by Mia and Dana who were in the midst of a heated argument.

“. . .and I'm sick and tired of all those punishment exercises and duties you get us into!" Mia screamed at him and shoved him against the wall. "If I didn't know better, I'd swear you do it on purpose."

Dana was near tears as he countered. "No I don't! Really, I don't! It's just that I'm not a girl, and I don't know how to do all that stuff."

"I don't care whether you're a girl or not! While you're here, you have to dress and act like the rest of us. So, you

had better learn. . .and learn fast!" Mia screeched and shoved him back against the wall.

Dana was crying openly and tears ran down his cheeks, streaking his makeup. "I'm sorry Mia," he sobbed. "I don't mean to get us in trouble. Please don't be angry. If you'll help me, I'll try real hard to do what they say. Honest I will."

Mia apparently had him where she wanted him because she dabbed at his eyes with a small hanky, put her arm around his shoulders, and led him away saying, "That's much better, and I'll be more than happy to help you as long as you agree to do as I say."

Dana looked confused, but he nodded his head in agreement.

"Alright!" Mia exclaimed in her victory. "Now come along, and you can show you're serious by cleaning my room."

Dana had never cleaned his own room as far as I knew, and he had just agreed to clean Mia's. Maybe I was right about no harm coming to him from wearing dresses. I could only watch in total amazement as their heels clicked in unison down the corridor.

That evening, I was unable to get Dana off my mind. There had to be something I could do to help him, but what? My solution was to wait until dark and sneak over to his room. If his plight was as bad as it appeared, I supposed I would have to agree to leave the complex in spite of the monetary considerations. "One has to draw the line somewhere," I told myself.

I was undetected as I stole out into the darkness and sneaked over to Dana's room. Finding his door unlocked, I quietly opened it and crept inside. There, I found him sitting at his dressing table in a nightgown with his knees girlishly together plucking a stray hair from his thin arched brows. How had sitting in this manner so quickly become habit?

He was both surprised and embarrassed for me to see him performing this task in his soft feminine nightwear. "Mom, you shouldn't be here!" he exclaimed while grabbing a satin robe to cover his skimpy attire.

"I had to come," I said as I watched my red faced son put on a robe and tie the sash about his waist. "I saw you arguing with Mia, and I wanted to see if I could help."

"Everything's okay now Mom, honest," he said. "Mia was just mad because we get so many punishments on my account, but she's agreed to help me avoid them if I'll do what she says."

"Including cleaning her room?" I asked.

He turned red and looked down to avoid my gaze. "I guess it's only fair after all the extra duty I've gotten her into," he said. "And if she can save us hours of drudgery, it'll be well worth the effort. Oh, Mom. Can you help me with something?"

"Yes darling, I'll gladly do whatever I can."

"I don't understand hose. . . I mean which ones to wear with what."

"Hose?" I gasped, "Nylons? Okay, let me see what you have."

He opened a drawer and pulled out about twenty new packages of nylons in different brands, styles, and textures.

I looked around Dana's room. In his closet hung his dresses, skirts, and blouses. On the floor stood his flats, sandals and high heeled shoes. I opened a dresser drawer and ran my hand over my son's nylon slips and panties in various colors, some with lace and bows. To one side were several bras; several still unopened. I picked up one of the cartons and read:

**TRANSITION MAXIMIZER—Designed to increase bust projection, enhance boyish figures and improve the fit of clothes. In the small print it said: Smooth fitting cups with built in lifts that adapt easily to daily size and weight changes. Features 4-position adjustable cups that will mold chest 'plump' into a properly rounded natural shaped bosom. Wide straps to distribute fat tissue up and outward for better long-term payoff. Made by U.C. SPECIAL REQUEST.**

It was almost like the bras were made for a boy like Dana. . .but I knew that was impossible. Nobody made bras for boys.

I looked up at Dana, and his head went down dejectedly as he handed me the nylons.

I quickly sorted them in four piles and said, "This pile you can wear under most any dress or skirt. They're basics."

Dana nodded.

"This pile are for special occasions. See, they have just a hint of natural color?" I continued, "They are very sheer and should be worn under something formal, frilly or sexy. Whenever you want to look your best. Got it?"

He nodded again.

"These are 'opaques' . . . you can wear them under shorts, dresses in winter, or a very short minis to give you a very contemporary look."

I pointed to the last pile. "These are figure shapers. I wear them almost all the time when I'm fat as they are meant to create a smooth body-hugging silhouette. They are great under clingy knits or those trendy stirrup pants I've seen the thinner girls in. . . I hope I get that thin again."

"You will Mom. . . and thanks for the help," Dana smiled. It was a touching moment between mother and son. . . but a bit odd.

I asked, "Can I help you with anything else? Bras? High heels?"

That question seemed to agitate him. "Hey," he scolded, "I just don't want to be punished anymore. I hate this stuff."

"Okay, okay," I answered, holding my hands up in surrender. "You are learning to walk on spike heels and to be a young lady. I just thought I could help." I think my seeing him dressed in a nightgown upset him more than anything else, so I let well enough alone and didn't mention it. My presence was obviously upsetting him, so I made my stay brief.

The next Sunday evening, when I was allowed to dine with Dana again, he came in really dressed to the nines in a backless, gold lame', mini cocktail dress, gold pumps an inch higher than I had seen him in before, and large gold clip hoop earrings.

His recently permed blonde hair softly caressed his cheeks and tickled his shoulders. For the first time, he wore dark evening makeup and looked exactly like a real girl. He even walked like one now that he was completely used to the heels that shaped his legs and made them look attractive in the 'correct' nylons. "Yes, he sure has im-

proved a great deal. . . as a girl," I thought. "But there's nothing I can do to help him short of leaving the complex, and I can't do that!"

"I arranged my hair and put on my makeup all by myself," he said almost in response to my query, his face scarlet. "Mia says that if I practice doing feminine things in my free time, I'll begin to do them naturally, and we won't get so many punishments. I think it's already beginning to work, but I'll be glad when this is over and I don't have to do it anymore."

When I commented about his not eating all his food, he said, "Since I started seeing Old Evil Eye, I'm seldom hungry."

"Evil Eye?" I asked.

"That's what the girls call Dr. Freed," he answered with an impish grin. "Her initials are E. E., and all she has to do is look you in the eye to zap you back into a trance. I guess being under her spell is okay because I'm losing a lot of weight, and I don't think about eating or the tightness of my corset all the time like before. See, my waist is already down to 24 inches."

His hands went to his waist. I had noticed his dress looked looser at the waist. Wearing the corsets were breath taking experiences which I was sure he'd never forget. His figure was slowly but surely changing. His waist was much more defined, but his hips hadn't lost any weight and appeared wider in contrast.

I had noticed that Dr. Freed wasted little time in putting Dana under hypnosis. Thinking out loud, I said, "Maybe Evil Eye could suggest something to make you feel better about having to wear dresses and makeup."

"**Motheerrrrr!!!**" he admonished me. "It's bad enough that I have to wear these clothes and makeup. Since I have to wear them every day, I can't help getting used to them, but I don't have to like it. When I get away from here, I don't even want to think about wearing dresses again!"

For an instant, that old feeling of compassion for him came back, and I thought, "Do you suppose Dr. Freed is giving me hypnotic suggestions that make it easier to accept Dana's situation?" Then, just as quickly, the moment passed, and my mind shifted to other matters.



As the days became weeks, our bodies grew accustomed to the running, exercising, and dieting, and our shrinking waist belts flaunted our successes. Even our attitudes reflected the changes in our bodies as smiles and happy faces illuminated the complex.

Everyone, including myself, had grown accustomed to seeing Dana in his sleek leotards, short tennis skirts, stylish dresses, makeup, and heels. Thus, he was no longer he object of teasing remarks and catty quips from the women or the other girls. Connie even commented, "Your son looks great in green. . . That dress really flatters his figure." And she meant it!

Dana became more accepting of his situation. Like everyone, he was proud of his 'conquering' the food devil. He looked healthy and thin. . .but in the wrong places for a boy.

Each week we were carefully measured: bust, waist, hips and other parts of our bodies. I was told that I was to go on a special diet to take a little more fat off my hips. The goal was a perfect figure. I wondered what special 'contouring' diet Dana was on.

Dr. Freed, seeing Dana's improved outlook, lifted the ban on contact between the two of us, and we were able to have short conversations whenever we met around the complex. He still wasn't allowed to dine with me except on Sunday evenings because the girls had etiquette lessons during their other meals.

In addition to losing weight they were getting a crash course in feminine comportment and manners. When they leave the complex with their trim figures, they'll know how to act in accordance with their reshaped bodies, but how will that profit Dana? I wondered.

Since the confrontation with Mia, he had really taken his promise to obey her seriously. Many times thereafter, I saw her publicly scolding him for some faux pas. The old Dana would have responded with a loud rebuke of his own, but now, he would only apologize meekly and promise to try harder. Dana's reformation, however, did not stop there. His new outlook spilled over into every facet of his life, and he grew less aggressive to the point of abject cowardice where Mia was concerned.

This was most evident on the tennis courts as I was soon to learn. Connie and I happened upon them just as they were finishing a match one day. When I asked about the outcome, Dana smoothed his short skirt beneath him, sat beside me, pursed his red lips into a pout, and answered dejectedly. "Mia won. She always wins. I used to beat her every time, but lately, I have trouble winning a set, much less a match. Winning just doesn't matter that much."

"Why do you suppose that is?" I asked.

He clasped his hands in his lap and looked down at his manicured nails. "I guess it's because Mia got so mad when I won. She would stay in a bad mood all day and find fault with everything. She's stricter than Ms. Lynstrom when she's upset like that. I let her win a few times to pacify her, and I suppose it got to be a habit because I can't seem to beat her now even when I try."

"I'm sorry son," I said in a consoling voice. When we walked across the tennis court I saw him jiggle a bit. Not the fat boy I knew before but it felt really strange to see movement from the extra weight up front. His boobies looked very real and quite shapely. His arms were round and muscle free. His tennis skirt was drawn over his supple bottom and flared out from his shrinking waist. I realized that my son had done more than lose weight. . . he was becoming sissified and feminine.

In an effort to change the subject, I said, "Look on the bright side. At least you're getting valuable training such as learning to keep your room clean and how to take care of your clothes."

"Yeah Mom!" he answered sarcastically. "But how many boys need to know how to iron a silk blouse, a lacy nylon slip, or a pleated skirt?"

"In this age of sexual equality, quite a few I should think," I responded sincerely.

His eyes blazed fire as he spit out his words. "And how many of those boys would be expected to wear that same blouse, skirt, and slip the next day Mother? How many? Huh? How many?"

He had me there, and I racked my brain for a response. I couldn't. . . I just couldn't let him win this argument and convince me to withdraw from the complex and forfeit our money and my career. Both of us were making remarkable progress. We couldn't quit now. "Not too many. . . I sup-

pose," I stammered, forcing a response. "But, I'm sure you're learning other valuable lessons just the same."

"Oh yes Mother," he said, continuing to admonish me. "I'm learning how to get in and out of a car in a short skirt without showing too much leg. I'm learning the difference between day and evening makeup, how to roll, set, and style my hair with blow dryers and hot curlers, how to walk in four inch spikes, and a lot of valuable stuff like that! Can't you see what all this is doing to me? Get me out of here! Please!"

I made an empty promise to give his suggestion some thought, and we parted ways.

Even though he was rapidly taking on the facade of a pretty young girl with his stylish clothes and ever slimming body, Dana still voiced a strong distaste for being so dressed in my presence. However, when Mia came near, his face would cloud over, and he would quickly change the subject while checking his appearance.

"Why are you afraid of Mia?" I asked him one evening at dinner.

"I'm not really. . ." he answered hesitantly. "I'm more afraid of what she makes me do."

"What kind of things are those, Darling?" I asked curiously.

His face turned red and he nervously picked at his skirt. He was terribly embarrassed as he answered, "She makes the punishment fit the crime. At least, that's what she says. For instance, if I stumble in my heels, she makes me walk for an hour in tall spikes. . .if my makeup isn't perfect. . .if my voice slips into the low range. . .if I raise my voice in protest. . .if I sit with my knees apart. . .if my clothes are wrinkled. . .if I don't keep wrists limp and sway my hips when I walk. . .if I take long strides. . .I have to practice. . .practice. . .practice! I'm sure you get the picture! My punishments range from these endless practices to cleaning her room, to ironing her clothes, to running mundane errands. That's why I can do all these things so easily and naturally now. Practice!"

"That must be awful for you," I gasped. "I had no idea. . ."

"It could be worse though, I guess," he replied in an effort to appease me.

"How?" I asked.

"Mother!" he admonished. "There are certain advantages for a boy living in a girl's dormitory. . . even if they don't think of me as a regular 'threatening' guy."

In my naivete, I hadn't considered the possibility of a romantic involvement arising from our unusual circumstance. In the past, because of his obesity, Dana had never attracted girls. But here, there were fifteen girls ripening into beauty-like butterflies emerging from cocoons, and except for my son who was dressing like them, they were denied masculine companionship. "Is there anyone in particular, or are you playing the field?" I asked as I desperately racked my brain for an appropriate response.

"Mia," he answered shyly while blushing a deep red. "Mia is my lover."

His answer further confused me, "Mia?" I asked. "But I thought you. . . I thought she. . . was mean and vindictive."

"She is sometimes, but it's only to make me act correctly so we can avoid those awful punishments from Ms. Lynstrom," he answered as the trace of a smile crept across his pretty face. "Most of the time, she treats me swell."

I wasn't sure how far this little *tete-a-tete* had progressed, but with his inference of her as his suitor, I could well imagine. Being unable to let this conversation stop here, I finally asked, "Why are you limiting yourself to just one? Most of the girls are very nice, and they are getting prettier by the day as they lose their excess pounds."

"Don't you understand Mother," he answered and looked away to break eye contact. "I can't even say good morning to any of the other girls without Mia going berserk! She's extremely jealous and possessive. . ."

"How does she react to you. . . I mean. . . dressing and looking so much like a. . . a girl," I inquired, having difficulty understanding this unusual relationship.

"I think she likes me better in skirts than she would in pants. She has more control over me this way," he acknowledged telling me about the bad time boys gave Mia when she was fat.

From all indications, Mia had been dominating him mentally and physically, and now, she was dominating him sexually as well. When we parted that evening, I was more concerned than ever about Dana's predicament, but

I couldn't bring myself to abandon my weight loss goals just to get him back into a normal boy's lifestyle.

It almost came to a head on Dana's birthday. They cooked a (low calorie) rice cake for him and we all sang "Happy Birthday."

Dana was wearing a little blue party dress with tiny white polka-dots and medium high heels. The dress had a short, full pleated skirt----well above his knees and flipped saucily when he walked.

When Dana walked by, Mia grabbed his left arm and pulled him over her lap and held him there with his legs and arms fluttering in the air. She gripped him tightly with her left arm and rested her right hand on his full buttocks. "I find it hard to believe that this bottom doesn't belong to a girl," she said patting his cheeks. His butt had always been a little too chubby.

Dana struggled, and Mia brought the open palm of her hand down with a smack. "Relax dear," Mia warned, "You are about to get your birthday spanking. . .didn't you ever have one before?"

Dana squirmed trying to get up but he was firmly held down. "I'm too old for that," Dana cried looking at me for help.

"Did that really hurt?" Mia mocked patting the cheek she slapped, "Too hard for the little girl?" Then turning to me, she announced, "That's one." Down came the open hand again a little harder and Mia said, "That's TWO. . .and THREE!"

Dana's voice was delightfully girlish as he squealed under Mia's stinging blows; his bottom nicely positioned for what was to come.

I lost count and I doubt if Mia was counting either. She stopped only long enough to raise the hem of his skirt so that she was now spanking pretty powder blue nylon panties instead of his skirt. The steady rhythmical sound of her open hand slapping his upturned bouncing bottom and his muffled sobs were the only sounds in the suddenly quiet room.

I started to get up to interfere as Mia appeared to lose control. She was laying the spanking on hard, causing Dana to cry out and toss wildly. His nylon sheathed thighs and smooth chubby girlish bottom quivered under the

strokes. The slapping of fire onto his buttocks caused him to make a low whimper each time her palm fell.

Suddenly, with her hand in the high position, she stopped and chuckled, "And a pinch to grow an inch." She pinched one of the glowing hot panty covered globes and benevolently took the hem of his skirt and smoothed it over his bottom and released him.

Dana jumped up and glared angrily at Mia. His makeup was tear streaked, and his face was as red as I imagined his behind. "Why did you do that?" he shouted. "You didn't have to humiliate me in public!"

Mia sprang to her feet like a cat and faced him as if preparing to attack. Her legs were spread as wide as her skirt would allow, her hands were on her hips, and she was staring harshly into his eyes. "How dare you speak to me like that????!" she screeched. "This is your birthday party, and I was just carrying out a time honored tradition. Now, unless you want a real spanking, I suggest you priss yourself into the powder room and repair your makeup like a good girl!"

At her show of aggression, he lowered his gaze and mumbled, "I'm sorry, Mia. I didn't mean. . . ." His voice trailed away, and in total defeat, he meekly turned and departed.

Along with everyone else, I got the idea that this was not the first time Mia had spanked my sissy son.

"Four weeks to go, and I only have to lose ten pounds and two inches off my waist," I thought as I waited in the dining room for Dana that Sunday evening. I was happy and feeling very pleased with *my* progress. Despite my son's predicament he too had every right to be proud of his weight loss. During our weeks at the complex, I had grown accustomed to seeing him dressed like a girl, from head to toe.

That's not to say I wasn't shocked to reality once in a while. I remember when he approached my table that fateful evening. I was aghast!

He was wearing a virginal white, form fitting, silk mini dress with transparent white chiffon sleeves and a plunging neckline. His face, with its expertly applied blush, mascara, eyeshadow, and vivid red lipstick, was attractively surrounded by flowing golden tresses that fell to

tickle his shoulders. His long manicured nails exactly matched the brilliant scarlet of his lips. His long slender legs were sheathed in white nylons, and he walked primly in white pumps with slender skyscraper heels.

His jewelry, long dangling pendant earrings, a layered gold necklace, and a matching bracelet, added to his beauty and elegance. His narrow waist rounded provocatively into wide swinging hips to amplify his feminine image.

Strange though it might seem, his feminine manner of dress is not what overwhelmed me. My astonishment came from what I saw peeping from the bodice of his dress. It was cleavage. . . REAL NATURAL CLEAVAGE! He was wearing a bustier or some other type support bra, and the soft flesh on display was him. . . all him! I couldn't believe my eyes.

"Dana," I gasped. "How did you get breasts? Boys don't have BREASTS!"

"I just never lost any weight in my chest area," Dana said, looking down. "They said I didn't need to lose anything there."

"That's impossible!" I gasped. "You had to lose weight everywhere."

"Well, I didn't lose an inch in the chest." He scolded, "What did you expect to happen when you signed me on here? They don't even have a male weight chart."

"Oh my," I groaned in confusion. "I had no idea. . .?"

"Don't play innocent with me Mother!" He stormed. "You knew damn well what they were planning to do. I was to lose weight and have a perfect figure and measurements! RIGHT?"

"I read that but I never thought that they could sculpt weight like that," I defended. The contract I signed gave them permission to give us whatever was necessary for the 'perfect figure'. Dr. Freed gave us shots and determined diet and everything else to meet our figure goals.

"But. . . I thought a boy's figure. . . that you'd lose weight all over!"

Like a light coming on in the darkness, memories of that meeting flooded my mind. How could I have forgotten such an event? Yes, everything was so clear. . . and. . . and so logical. After I threatened to sue, Dr. Freed explained the procedure to me. She said certain changes would come

over him and he'd feel more at ease around the girls. I was assured that none of it would be permanent.

I was told, "When he stops taking the shots, his body will return to its normal shape," Dr. Freed said. At the time, it all made perfect sense. He certainly had a girl's figure and shouldn't be self-conscious around the girls, but how could I have forgotten such a commitment? Could Dr. Freed have given me a suggestion to make me forget until the changes started showing? I was having mixed emotions. The important thing is that we both were healthy and thin. . .the methodology worked. . .too good!

"I'm sorry Dana," I apologized. "Of course I remember signing the contract. I just didn't realize the changes would be so profound on you. What does Mia think about your new body?"

"She teases me all the time but I think she really likes it. I think she's secretly jealous because my waist has always been smaller than hers. Of course, her boobs. . .uh. . .breasts are a lot bigger. Ms. Lynstrom says my figure is still changing and will be perfect when we leave in four weeks," he answered with obvious concern. "Mia razzes me saying I'll be spilling out of a B cup bra by then. I don't understand. . .my chest is as fat as ever but more round and soft. Dr. Freed says they'll go away in a few months of a regular diet."

"A FEW MONTHS!" I gasped. I guess I should have been upset over the changes in Dana's body, but somehow, everything was perfectly logical. If he had to dress like a girl, why shouldn't he have a girl's body? After all, he would return to normal soon. "Is that really you?" I asked with a bit of shock in my voice.

In a soft girlish voice. "Yes," he replied, "What are we going to do?"

"What are your measurements, Dana?"

"34-22-34," He stated with a mixture of pride and embarrassment.

"Wow, 34-22-34 is definitely a figure to be proud of. . .I guess it's better than being FATSO?" I felt a deep emotion of regret for what I'd done to Dana. Putting my arms around him I replied, "Yes, losing all that weight is something to be very proud of, dear."

He even smelled female and I wondered to myself, "Where would this go now. Would he just gain all the

weight back? I doubted it because of all the subconscious body image training we'd been through.

My only son, feminized and molded into a 'young lady'. . .with developed secondary female sexual characteristics. I was ashamed of what had happened. I knew once I got a movie and some money, I'd most likely have to send him for some 'therapy' to undo a lot of what had been done.

• • •

As the remaining weeks of our stay at the complex passed, I had several occasions to observe Dana and the other girls in their bikinis by the pool. Dana's rounded hips filled the bottom half very nicely, and his rapidly expanding breasts were well on their way to filling the top. As I watched him lounge by the water, I noticed another problem he would have to endure upon returning to his boy's life. Strap marks!!!

The sun was nicely tanning his torso except where it was covered by his bra, leaving tell-tale lines where no boy should have them.

I also saw Dana being given injections (I had too) which I was told was a figure enhancer. From these observations, I knew all my son's problems wouldn't be solved by merely leaving this place. . .not by a long shot. No, these problems would depart with him. Considerable time would be required for his body to return back to its former shape. . .I mean a boy's body without the fat. His breasts would recede but it might take many more months for those potentially embarrassing lines to fade from his body. He would have to be excused from all activities that would compel him to undress in the presence of other boys.

• • •

The week before Labor Day arrived to find both Dana and myself at our weight goals. My waist was at 24" without my corset! I hadn't been that thin since before I

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*“Dr. Freed gave Dana his weekly injections. . .  
could these be causing the change in his bustline?”*

became pregnant over seventeen years earlier. To say the least, I was ecstatic over my smashing new figure!

My stubborn resolve to stay at the complex over Dana's objections had paid off. I had lost forty pounds and attained my goal! With my youthful figure, I could now secure the prestigious role and revive my acting career, my status as a star, and most importantly, restock my depleted bank account. I realized what I had lost because of my obesity, and I vowed to watch my diet, continue my exercises, and never. . .never get fat again.

We had a formal party the night before our departure from the complex. With help from the staff, the girls moved the tables aside and decorated the dining room to look like a fancy ballroom.

We all knew it was only the dining room where we had eaten very little over the past three months, but we were too happy about our new shapes to care. Everyone wore evening gowns that showed off their new figures to best advantage, and Dana was no exception!

He came out wearing a pink, figure hugging, strapless gown, with a straight floor length skirt. This sexy creation accented his ample breasts, narrow waist, and broad swaying hips to full advantage. I could hardly believe this gorgeous creature was my chubby son of three months earlier. Mia was also dressed to the hilt, but her gown wasn't nearly as seductive or revealing.

I went up to a group of his friends and I heard one girl say to Dana, "And what a figure," with a sly smile and a wink aimed at me, added, "What a movie this would make! The story of Cinderella or should I say CinderFELLA. . .only different. . .a 'fairy' boy turned into 'princess' by his evil mother."

The poor boy blushed from embarrassment as the girls studied and compared their figures now with before. He was voted, "MOST CHANGED!"

"No need to blush dear," I whispered in Dana's ear. "You have the best figure here."

He half smiled at me. I watched him demurely sit down, pulling his skirt back and smoothing the fabric across his bottom. He tweaked a curl in his hair as if he was worried that it was out of place.

I was now used to seeing him responding with such decidedly feminine mannerisms. Not like the rough and tumble boyish way he used to be. He handled his tiny jeweled evening bag like a priceless delicacy and walked with an elegant, poised undulation to his hips.

I couldn't help but think to myself, "My darling little boy. He looks so lovely in that gown. It's too bad he isn't really a girl!" I shook my head at the depraved concept.

Alcohol was served to the adults for the first time since our arrival at the complex, and many of us became quite tipsy because of our long abstinence. Although some of the

girls were of legal drinking age, they were allowed only fruit punch.

Everyone was happy to be going home with their new shapes, but a kind of sadness swept over the group with our parting. Our shared tribulations had bonded us together as friends. In an act of camaraderie and with the absence of men, the girls and women paired off together and danced. Most of us danced with all the others of our group before the evening was over, but Dana danced only with Mia and me. When one of the other girls asked him to dance, he looked to Mia as if he were asking for permission. Receiving only a hard glare in return, he politely refused. The girl shrugged her shoulders and went away.

Mia was obviously the leader and Dana the follower as she whirled him about the floor revealing the fact that they had danced together in this manner before and they were both comfortable in their role. Also, I could tell by the way her hands roved familiarly over his body that their relationship was more than platonic. Given our odd circumstances, what else could one expect?



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The only clothes any of us had that would fit were our latest issue from the complex. They were *donated* to us to wear as we departed. Donated, HA! I'm sure the cost was more than included in the exorbitant fee we paid at the beginning of our stay.

I was busy doing my last minute packing the next morning, when Dana came by my room. Since I had heard nothing more than how he was returning to boy's clothes as soon as he was released from the complex, I was surprised to see him still dressed as a girl. He was wearing a sleeveless navy blue mini dress with a pleated skirt, gold hoop earrings, two inch wedgies, light makeup, and his hair was styled into a french braid.

"Why are you still wearing a dress?" I asked. "I thought you couldn't wait to get back into pants."

He blushed as he answered. "I can't wait Mom, but I guess I'll have to for a little while. The clothes I wore when we arrived are way too big, and there aren't any boy's clothes on the premises. Ms. Lynstrom gave me the latest issue of clothes. . .so I can make out until we can get to a men's store. Anyway, come meet Mia's parents. They're about ready to leave."

Mia's parents were a nice midwestern couple, and they were obviously well pleased with their beautiful thin daughter. We exchanged pleasantries and got their address and phone number. Since Dana and I didn't know where we would be staying, we promised to let them know later.

As we said our goodbyes, I noticed a tear flowing down my son's cheek. Despite the way Mia had treated him, he left no doubt that he would miss her.

Dana was sad about his friend's departure, but the knockout blow came when I told him he would have to wait a few days before I could afford to buy his new wardrobe of masculine clothes. "We won't have enough money until I sign my movie contract and get an advance," I told him. "Remember how the cost of the treatment wiped out our bank account and savings? You'll just have to be content to wear those clothes for a few more days. But don't worry," I assured him. "No one will suspect you're a boy. . .not with that figure and the way you move around in a dress!"

"Please don't say such things," he pleaded while blushing profusely. "I know I look okay as a girl. I can see in the

mirror, and everyone tells me so. What I want to know is will I still look like one in pants. . .with my breasts and the strap marks from my bikini and. . .and everything?"

Tears came to his eyes. I paused a long moment before answering. "We'll worry about that after we get settled. For now, let's have a pleasant drive to California."

A call to the studio secured the address of the apartment where Dana and I were to stay while the details of my contract were hammered out. The quarters were smaller than I felt worthy of a *star*, but they would be adequate for the short term.

Since the only clothes either of us had that would fit were the outfits given us at the complex, I decided to help him pack his things away. Taking the hanging garments, I left the lingerie to him. As he took his frilly things from the suitcase, I saw that they had provided him with some very fancy and seductive lingerie. To my surprise, he handled these delicate items gently and without embarrassment as if he had always worn them.

He packed his 34B lacy brassieres, panties, slips and nylons away, and to my surprise, he didn't pack any falsies or padding, which I assumed he was wearing.

We were leaving first thing the next morning so I went to bed early. Sleep did not come easy for me that night as I worried about Dana's future. With his figure, looks, and voice. . .could he go back to being a boy? What kind of a boy?

Dr. Freed assured us that everything would go back to normal in a few months after he was off the medication, so all we could do was trust her now.

The next morning, I went to Dana's room knocking before I entered. While we talked about the events of the past and the impending future, he did his makeup and rolled his hair as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

He slipped a sultry-styled, silk shift dress over his head allowing it to fall into place over his curves. Without a reflection, he slipped a pair of sassy spectator pumps with 3 1/2 inch heels over his stockinged feet, then stood and smoothed out a few nonexistent wrinkles. He was ready to meet the world. . .a different person than when he arrived.

•••  
 From the very first day that place put me in dresses, I hated it and everything about it. Mother knew it wasn't right for a boy to be dressed up like a girl but she did nothing. That was cruel.

The clinic had no pity on me either. . . a fat boy at a fat farm. You'd think after dressing and living and being treated like a girl for so long a period of time would make me forget I was a boy. **WRONG!** I never forgot. . . Mia for one never let me forget.

As we motored out of the clinic all my male feelings came back. My feelings became masculine and I loathed being dolled up as a girl. For the first time in a long while, I was acutely aware of my feminine clothes. How I hated their discomfort, of wearing bras, nylons, dresses, and high heels. I hated making up my face, shaving my legs, wearing perfume, and curling my hair. Had any other boy in the world ever been so improperly treated?

I now appeared as an attractive young female but it just made me want more to be a boy. I could see that I was being stared at. . . and everyone was looking with admiration at the 'attractive girl'. Their attention made me angry and filled me with shame. I loathed being in these abhorrent clothes and longed to change into my rightful masculine clothes again. Any man who reads this will understand how I feel.

As these thoughts flashed through my mind, I was acutely conscious of my mother sitting beside me, not uttering a word. I was in a defiant mood, but at the same time filled with apprehension. Neither of us said much.

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*We arrived in California and ate lunch in silence. I was in disgrace. I couldn't even call my friends. Afterward, Mother left for a visit with her agent to show off her new figure. I would have loved to go with her for the ride, but I did not dare ask her. He knew she had a son, and I knew she had to hide me until I got some boy's clothes.*

*As she left, I had an sinking feeling that perhaps her great 'new career' opportunity wouldn't pan out. Then, we'd be broke, and I would be stuck in these feminine clothes! Those thoughts made me very uneasy. I spent an uncomfortable afternoon at my newly learned feminine habits: polishing my nails, laundry, and slimnastics. I could not take my mind off the future and what would happen if mother didn't get the part. The hours dragged.*

*When Mother returned before dinner, I was wearing a short linen dress, my plainest outfit. Dinner was a dreary affair as Mother said the part wasn't quite certain. She had an audition scheduled for the next day.*

*I spent a bad night, rolling, tossing in my bed and worrying. How I hated my mother's career. She was always waiting for someone to 'approve' her looks, talent, and acting ability. Actresses have so little control over their lives, it's no small wonder so many have emotional problems. I longed to run away and have a normal life. A dozen plans to run away entered my mind, as they had in the past months.*

*I planned and dreamed I would obtain some boy's clothes and run away to New York or Chicago and get work.*

*I had no idea what I could do. . .except I was sure with my new 'skills' and 'figure' that I could probably only get work as a hairdresser in a beauty parlor or maybe a waitress.*

*I couldn't wait for mother's ship to hobble in. How could I get boy's clothing now? I had no money and no friends out here.*

*Then, I fantasized I would have to run away as a girl and get work in New York. With my slim figure I would make a good clerk or maybe even a model in one of the ladies' dress shops. I could live as a girl for a time until I could save up enough money to buy some male clothing.*

*Then I would immediately make the change to my proper sex.*

*There were many difficulties to consider. If I ran away, I was sure Mother would pursue me, maybe hire detectives to find me. But how could I get to New York? I had no chance of getting any money, and it was too far to walk in high heels.*

*These and other futile plans flashed through my mind as I lay in bed trying to go to sleep. As I tossed and tumbled, I found myself wishing all this would end, and I could be a boy again. Then reality; I reached up and felt my long girlish hair about my face and on my pillow, my silken nightgown brushed sensuously against my nude legs, and I felt the faint movement at my chest. I switched on the light and looked at my reflection in the mirror. What I saw was a girl without the slightest resemblance to a boy. No wonder. I realized how silly any boy would look wearing a nightgown with his nails long and painted, hair curled, and eyebrows plucked. With a moan, I turned out the light, and tried to go to sleep. I had to get out of these ridiculous clothes, I just had to! I found myself wishing Mia was here. I always slept so well with her.*

• • •

For my interview with the producer and the director, I wore the most stylish and figure flattering of the outfits given to me by the complex. A look in the mirror left me more confident than I had been in years! There was no doubt that the role was to be mine!

Dana asked to accompany me to the studio but didn't want anyone to guess he wasn't a girl. He dressed very attractively as a girl in a slim white miniskirt, a translucent gold silk blouse that vaguely showed his bra underneath, and white three inch pumps. His hair, makeup, and jewelry left no doubt that he was a pretty young girl, maybe even an aspiring starlet.



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"THAT'S THE LOOK I WANT!" the director shouted as he jumped from his chair and rushed toward Dana and I as we walked into the producer's office.

I was on top of the world! All my sacrifices had paid off, and my career would be revived just like I planned. I bolstered my stance to withstand his impending embrace, but then. . .then. . .he rushed right past me and grabbed Dana by the shoulders.

"This is exactly the look I had in mind for the part," he said, turning to face the producer.

Breaking into a smile to match his director, the producer said, "I agree wholeheartedly. What's your name young lady, and who is your agent?"

I was dumbfounded by their words! "What are they saying?" my mind asked silently.

Dana, too, was overwhelmed into a speechless stupor.

"Speak up!" the producer demanded when neither of us spoke.

"He. . .uh. . .she's Dana, my. . .daughter," I stammered in an effort to protect his identity and save him from the humiliation of having his secret revealed in front of these men. "She doesn't have an agent because she's not an actress! Besides, the part was to be mine if I lost forty pounds, and as you can see, I have."

"Hey, we'll pay you and find another part for you," said the producer. "Your daughter is too perfect for the role to pass up." Turning to the director, he continued. "Set her up for a screen test immediately, and if she can act, we'll re-write for a younger girl."

"Right on!" the director responded.

"What'll I do Mom?" Dana cried as he was propelled out of the room.

"Knock 'em dead kid," I replied while secretly hoping he would flop so the part would revert to me. Still, I knew our financial worries would be over no matter which of us got the part.

Before Dana could complain, he had been dressed, undressed and re-dressed again, until---finally---just the right outfit was found. It was a very short, backless dress, hand-beaded in all the colors of a rainbow.

"Smile. . .good, perfect, now think of something wonderful. . .like your boyfriend," the director said while the camera whirled. I saw Dana force a smile and then came

a sincere one. . .a radiant, cheery beam. "Wonderful," announced the director.

For the next few hours, Dana sashayed about in many outfits and read quite a lot of the script. The director knew just what to say to get the desired emotion, and Dana was taking his direction perfectly.

Things happened fast after that. Dana's screen test was no less than sensational! Because of his age, the director had to write out the nudity, although some of the screen test shots were quite racy. Everyone loved his performance, and because a good portion of his breasts showed in many of the scenes, no one even remotely suspected his real gender. I shook my head. . .Dana's 'fat' was now one of his best features! He followed direction quite well and never missed a queue.

"She was great! Stupendous!" the producer exclaimed to me. "What's her stage name? She's got the part hands down!"

"Having never performed before, she doesn't have one," I answered.

"Then we must give her one because she's got the part!" He boomed excitedly. "After that electrifying performance. . .how about Dana Electron??? No. . .that doesn't sing. . . Yes!!! I've got it! Dana Watts! It's original, and it has sizzle! From now on, she is Dana Watts!"

My agent was to hammer out the details. I walked in and threw a video of the screen test on his desk. "My son got the part," I announced.

"But. . .but that can't be Dana, your. . .your SON, Dana!" he exclaimed upon viewing the film. "That. . .that's impossible! How? How . . .?"

"This is your fault," I accused him. "You should have told me that the 'fat farm' was for females only! Now look what you've done!"

"It's unbelievable," he gasped. "I would never have guessed anything so incredible was possible. I had no idea you'd take your son. . .even then I would think they would just send him away with a rebuke. I never in my wildest dreams imagined anything so. . .so phenomenal! Tell me it's all a joke, and you're getting even with me. . .please!"

"I only wish it were a joke," I languished. "This is real! They want him. . .HER for the female lead. Now you get

out there and cut him a good deal, or I swear you'll go down with me on this!"

"Alright," he answered, "but if they find out he's not a girl after all this, neither of us will ever work in this town again."

Other than continuing to wear dresses, Dana's main hang up about the movie was that it was about stolen royal jewelry---10 karat diamond earrings. They wanted Dana to wear them for the screen test but his ears weren't pierced. The director insisted, "If you play the part, you'll have to get them pierced."

I saw him shiver at the thought of becoming even more feminine.

Standing there in a slinky dress, I could see it in my son's eyes. . .confusion. The clinic had taught us to not feel fat and ugly. . .Dana knew he was no longer FAT or UGLY. At the same time I knew I it was impossible. I couldn't just keep my son imprisoned as a female.

"I won't do it Mom!" Dana cried. "You don't know what this is doing to me. . .inside, I mean." With that, he ran to his room, fell on his bed, and as three months of frustration came to the surface, he cried his eyes out.

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The agent called with some details on the deal and wanted me to reassure him that Dana was up for this. I said, "No problem on this side. . .go for the big bucks!"

But there was a problem. I made several attempts to calm Dana. However, each time I tried, he would shout through his tears for me to get out and leave him alone.

"Look what you've done to me already Mother!" he screamed with tears streaking his cheeks. "I can't pretend to be a girl any longer! I just can't!"

"But you did it so well at the complex," I countered. "I don't understand why you're being so stubborn now that we have the opportunity to cash in on your new image. Why the big deal now?"

"I lived on the belief that I could return to being a boy when I left the complex. That and Mia were the only things keeping me going," he sniffed. "Now, you want me to keep on pretending to be a girl, and Mia isn't here to help me. I can't do it. . .I won't!"

After kissing him goodnight and assuring him that he would feel better in the morning, I retired to my room. I couldn't let this opportunity pass, I just couldn't! If I was unable to regain my star status, at least I could be the mother of a star. I also had to get him to pierce his ears. . .soon so they could heal.

His reference to Mia started me thinking. She sure seemed to have a mysterious power over him at the complex, and with him insisting on returning to pants, I wondered if she could be enticed to weave her spell and change his mind about this quitting nonsense.

After a lot of thought, I called Mia, and we had a very enlightening conversation. She said she had always been overweight, and now, she was happy with her new image. Still, other than Dana who was very feminine, she didn't like boys very much. They had always turned her off by teasing and making fun of her. Now, when she had a beautiful body, they pursued her, but she couldn't care less.

"Would you be interested in working with me in an effort to convince Dana to accept the role and continue to wear dresses," I asked. "If we're successful, I'll be able to pay you well. For appearances, we could call you his companion and understudy."

She jumped at the chance and assured me that she was more than willing and able to help in that capacity. After convincing her parents to let her delay college for a year, she was on her way to Hollywood!

The next morning, Dana was less glamorously dressed than usual in a loose fitting shift dress, and although his hairstyle and makeup were immaculate, he was still deeply depressed. He kept insisting on shopping for masculine clothes. "It'll take a while for me to get used to wearing pants and looking like a boy," he said dejectedly, "so the sooner I get started, the better."

I relied on my acting skills to string him along. "Alright," I answered with a sigh, "If you insist on throwing a promising career and a ton of money away just to appease your masculine ego, I won't argue anymore. I have to pick up a friend at the airport at noon, and afterward, we'll go shopping for your new clothes." For obvious reasons, I didn't reveal that the friend was Mia or he might have guessed that after her influence, his new wardrobe wouldn't contain jockey shorts.

I wasn't sure how Dana would react to her arrival, but to my delight, he was elated to see Mia get off the plane. They hugged and kissed a bit more than I thought prudent for two girls, but in the interest of accord, I kept quiet.

When our greetings were out of the way, I said, "You should reconsider accepting the role because Mia will be working with you now."

As his lips formed a question, Mia interrupted his thoughts and asked if I would collect her luggage while she and Dana talked. I understood her message, and away I went.

When we met again, Dana had changed his mind and was ready to accept the role. We enjoyed a nice lunch, and everything was all rosy for the first few hours. . .that is, until I brought up the "EARS!"

• • •

*When I finished the dinner dishes and walked into the living room, my heart sank at what I saw there. Spread out on a table were all the implements for ear piercing. I recognized them only too well, having seen them in the jewelry store the day before when I refused to permit the*

operation on my ears. There were the needles, the little heating lamp, the bottles of disinfectants. Everything was ready. Mother and Mia had discussed it and my fate was to be sealed.

Mia or no Mia, I determined that I would not yield without a struggle. I decided to plead with them to forego piercing my ears. I begged them not to do it, saying I would do anything they asked if only they would not pierce my ears. I even promised to take the acting job, but they insisted that the studio didn't compromise on those matters.

I pleaded, "I will look ludicrous and everybody will laugh at a man with holes in his ears. . .the mark of a woman."

I was willing to be woman, but without pierced ears. Surely I could be a girl without piercing them? Earrings could be fastened on in some other way? Couldn't they?

I watched Mother's face closely, but there was no sign of her relenting and Mia was all smiles. I could see the grim determination in their faces!

My pleas fell on deaf ears. They were absolutely adamant and filled with determination to pierce my ears.

Mother said, in a severe tone of voice, "It's for your own good. . .for your acting career and our livelihood. I'm going to pierce your ears whether you want it done or not, so you might as well be a good girl and sit quietly. Don't you understand? You won't get the part without pierced ears, so it will do you no good to resist. I have made up my mind!"

"Look at me!" Mia demanded. "I can't understand why you don't want your ears pierced. You have the figure of a slender, pretty girl, and you have been offered the chance of a lifetime! Earrings will only add to your attractiveness. After you've worn them for a while, you will love them and not want to go without them."

I pleaded again that I was a boy. . .that my future was to grow into a man.

Mia said, "What's so great about that? If this movie goes, you'll have a great future. You'll have to develop into a beautiful woman. You have a good voice, and there's a few other things that you need to be trained for. . .your mother and I are convinced that you can someday be famous, beautiful, and the toast of the town. . .admired and

sought after. I don't want to hear any silly talk about your ever becoming a man until you give this acting break a chance. You will not lose your looks for many years. If all goes well you'll grow into a beautiful woman. . . a happy and contented young lady. Now, unless you want to have a little heart to heart in the bedroom, you'll sit over there and let us get on with it."

Mother added, "Trust me dear. There's nothing better. . . to live the luxurious life of a young actress, with beautiful clothes, jewelry, and everything your heart desires. So be a good girl, sit in that chair, hold your head perfectly still, and it'll all be over very quickly." She pointed to a chair with a high straight back.

Mia and Mother had not changed my mind. All the manhood in me arose and I summoned all my courage to resist them. After all I'd been through, I could not yield to having my ears pierced willingly. I would struggle against it with all my strength. . . what little strength I had left. My thin, rounded, sissified body had grown weaker and softer. My legs were powerless; I had graceful, feminine curves. My shoulders were delicate and ineffective to fight off anyone.

Mother had planned well to overcome my expected resistance. I was weak, as defenseless as a real girl, and rendered more helpless by my tight skirt and high heels. In spite of all this, I did not yield. I would fight to the limit of my strength. And so I resisted them, and told them they could not pierce my ears and I would not sit in the chair.

"GET THE ROPE," my mother commanded Mia.



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*My jaw dropped as Mia appeared with the rope. I yelled, "YOU WOULDN'T!?!"*

*The two strong women grabbed me and forced me to sit down on the chair. I became hysterical, like a girl and burst into tears. I sobbed again and again that I would not have my ears pierced.*

*"Tie him up," mother ordered Mia.*

*Mia reached down and tried to grab one of my legs, I kicked out viciously with my feet. In my dangerously spiked high heels, I had the satisfaction of kicking Mia and inflicting a wound which made a scratch on her leg. This made her very angry and determined. In spite of my kicking, she managed to seize my ankles in her strong arms, and bind them closely together with the rope.*

*The rope was then fastened very tightly to the lower rung of the chair. My feet were rendered absolutely immovable.*

*Next they seized my arms. I struck out with my hand and tried to hit Mia and even my mother, but they were too strong for me. They forced my arms to the arms of the chair and tied them there so that I could not move them at all.*

*I wailed out. Next they wound a piece of the rope around my waist very tightly. My small waist already was compressed to what I thought was the limit, but they bound the rope still tighter until I thought I was about to faint.*

*I would not yield. I could still move my head, and shouted, in my agony, that I would not let them pierce my ears. My mother put a stop to my cries by forcing a handkerchief in my mouth.*

*My head was still free, and I keep moving it from side to side. To stop this, my mother took a large bandage and put it around the top of my head, and over my eyes, so as to blindfold me. She fastened it securely to the back of the chair thus rendering me motionless. I was absolutely helpless. I could not move any part of my body a fraction of an inch. It was a terrible, vulnerable feeling.*

*I cried to myself unable to even make a sound. I felt my manhood slipping from me. I could feel the tightness of my panties and the imprisonment of my thin lightweight dress. In spite of it all, I was to be feminized further. . .my ears were to be pierced.*

*I was to be further branded as female by reason of pierced ears. They would remain with me for the rest of my life. Perhaps some of the men who will read this will understand my feelings and sympathize with my plight. Here I was, a normal boy who had learned to beautify himself like a girl would. I detested being forced to dress as a girl and to live as one---wanting with all my heart and soul to be a boy, and nothing else.*

*For months at the clinic I had lived as a girl and become gradually feminized in spite of myself and now I was trussed up like a thief in a straightjacket, unable to move---about to have my ears pierced for earrings so I could become an actress.*

*I was helpless and could not prevent it. I am sure that any boy would have resented it bitterly, as I did. I was doomed. Hot tears ran down my cheeks. I was filled with a feeling of utter despair.*

*From the darkness, I could only hear my mother busy with her preparations heating and preparing the needles. I could feel my nylon panties under my dress stretched tightly across my soft rounded bottom which curved outward ladylike.*

*I sat there aware of all the sounds, senses and the poised danger. My previous fiery defense had dwindled and all I could do was make soft kitten-like sounds.*

*I heard mother approach me and order Mia to hold my head. I could feel her strong hands grasp my head and hold it firmly back against the back of the chair. I felt mother surveying my ears and making marks.*

*Oddly, I felt a strange sensation between my legs causing me to squeeze my nyloned knees together tightly. My heart almost stopped beating them beat wildly. Then I felt*



*a burning sensation in my left ear then an exciting quake flushed through my soul. I could faintly smell burning flesh. I gasped out loud at the brief moment of pain but this was swiftly swept away by an unrestrained release. I realized that my left ear had been pierced---deflowered. It couldn't be undone. Further resistance was useless. I was branded as a girl for life.*

*I felt the needle piercing my right ear, and surprisingly I shuddered again. I knew that the operation was over. I had pierced ears to live with the rest of my life.*

*In that instance, many thoughts went through my mind. . .was life worth living? I even thought of suicide.*

*Mother and Mia quickly untied the ropes and liberated me. I was so unstrung and weak from the ordeal that I was unable to move or even get up from the chair. I just stared with glassy eyes across the room in shock. There they were. . .two gold studs shining outward from my earlobes.*

*Mother was in a happy mood. She had accomplished her purpose. . .to have me follow in her footsteps as an actress. Yes, I had taken one more step, and an important one, in my feminization. Again, she had not considered my feelings. She discussed her plans for my acting career, telling me how much I should enjoy life as a actress.*

*She promised, "If your movie is a hit, I will see to it that you always have a wardrobe that would bring joy to any feminine heart. You will have heaps of lovely dresses, hats, shoes, lingerie, furs, and jewelry---everything a girl could desire. You will always be beautifully dressed in the latest fashions."*

• • •

Dana's first movie is now "in the can" as they say, and from the early reviews, it will be a major hit. As a result of that tremendous success, he has had many offers, but as his manager, I'm holding out for "special" roles that will keep him at the top.

I don't know how Mia did it, but since we pierced his ears, Dana has, for the most part, been content to wear dresses and disguise himself as an attractive young woman.

With Dana's first paycheck (lot's of 000's), he made me buy him a man's pin-striped suit. Once he put it on, Mia had to laugh. He may have been wearing trousers and a

jacket, but the hair, the makeup and his posture were undeniably feminine.

"I look like a sissy!" Dana moaned seeing his reflection in the mirror. "No, worse than a sissy. . .if that's possible!"

"Don't be silly," Mia interrupted. "You are feminine. . .there's nothing we can do about that. Forget this boy stuff---now you have to be pretty like a girl. Don't you like being a girl?"

"Of course NOT!," Dana protested.

Looking at him, I had to wonder, "Did he like being a girl?" His fingernails had grown long and he always had a coat of polish on them. I realized that he adored the clothes he wore, curling his hair, or wearing makeup. Many of the sights that boys hunger for, the flash of panties under a short skirt, cleavage over a lacy bra, a show of smooth nylon clad legs were commonplace to Dana. He could see or feel any of those things, ANYTIME he wanted. . .in the mirror.

I couldn't help but wonder---Was Dana was now titillated by the image he created?

That wasn't the last time Dana wore the man's suit. He wore it often. . .that trendy 'men's wear' look with a camisole or bustier under the jacket and his hair fluffed with big soft curls to give an ultra-feminine contrast.

Dana still considered himself a boy but Mia had him going to a doctor for female hormone shots. At first he protested but she said, "Shhh. Be quiet. You'll be much prettier, and I'll love you all the more."

When they got home, I looked into Dana's cloudy eyes and asked, "How was it?"

His legs were wobbly like he was in shock. "Oh mother, what has happened to me? I let them give me a shot. . .Mia says I'll grow more womanly."

I just shook my head. . .he had to think of his career now.

The female hormones found little resistance and Dana's breasts became tender and began to grow again. His hips got even more rounded and we bought him new bras. . .one cup bigger. He's a full C cup now!

Mia also had him take voice lessons, and he has sessions with a psychologist. I strongly suspect hypnotism is a large part of his therapy, but given the success of her tactics, I don't interfere.

In addition to her other duties, Mia has gradually taken over the role of Dana's publicist and social director. As such, she appreciates the value of keeping his name and photograph in the gossip columns and tabloids. To accomplish this, she arranges dates for him with popular actors and celebrated entrepreneurs about town.

For these dates, she decks him out in sexy revealing dresses, flamboyant hairstyles, and dazzling jewelry, and always exquisite makeup. To create an atmosphere of romance, she encourages him to smile and show passion to his escort for the photographers.

He complains that he has trouble keeping these dates on a platonic level when he's alone with these men, thus placing his secret in jeopardy. Still, Mia won't allow him to tone down the steamy illusion she's created to stimulate the public's appetite for sensationalism. Instead, she tells him that men want most what they cannot have and teaches him how to avert their attention while stimulating their interest.

When I see Dana wearing something festive such as a short dress or a mid-calf split skirt, I wonder what he would be like now if he was still living as a 'fat boy'.

• • •

*I was fast becoming a young lady in life and spirit. Once I gave in to femininity, life became more and more pleasant. I took singing lessons and went to a private school for young ladies to have my education completed. In spite of myself, this picture of my future that Mother and Mia had 'painted' me into appealed to me.*

*I confess that I was so feminized that the mere thought of all the pretty feminine things Mother promised to buy for me excited my interest.*

*Under Mother's direction and Mia's guidance, I have learned to accept the pretty dresses, lingerie, and other things that go with being a female celebrity. I find it easy to get in a girlish mood while wearing such luxurious and tantalizing apparel.*

*One night after being to an 'opening' with a famous leading man, I couldn't go to sleep. At last I fell asleep and had a troubling nightmare. Again, I dreamed I was a boy, in comfortable boy's clothes, playing with other boys. Sud-*

denly, all the boys stared at my ears and started laughing and pointing fingers of shame at me.

I quickly felt my ears, and to my dismay, I found that I was wearing long hoop earrings. That's what the boys were laughing at. I started to run, but they chased after me shouting, "Look at the boy with girly earrings! Look at the boy with earrings." I could not escape since they ran as fast as I did. Suddenly I came to the edge of a great cliff. With a loud cry, I jumped. . . just as I was about to hit the ground and be smashed to pieces. . . I awoke with a start, my heart racing. I was in a sweat, and filled with terror. I was comforted to find myself in my own bed. I felt my ears to reassure myself that I was not wearing earrings. I turned on the lights and looked at myself in the mirror. As usual, I saw only a girl, with a mass of golden hair and a pretty face.

I now realized how difficult it would be for me ever to dress again as a boy. I was too pretty and girlish, and my pierced ears made it worse. Should I give up and reconcile myself to being a girl for the rest of my life? I went back to bed. . . I could not decide at the moment. I debated the question in my mind many times before falling asleep again.

• • •

I'll never forget that evening when I came in to kiss him goodnight. I quietly slinked up to Dana's bedroom suite door which was ajar. The lights were out so I was afraid he was sleeping. I walked through the sitting room and tip-toed over to the bedroom door.

I saw him there wearing the cutest pink nylon babydoll nightie. . . but he wasn't alone! MIA WAS THERE.

It was dark but I could easily see Mia laying on top on Dana, pressing her pelvis against his. . . dry-humping. She was in a similar Babydoll nightgown and they still both had on their panty-bottoms. My mouth dropped and I gasped silently.

Mia was the robust accomplice as she humped at my son. I could see her cuddle her milky white tits against the soft mounds showing through Dana's low cut nighty. Mia gently rubbed his nipples and I saw his two points rise up. Dana's head went back looking almost like he is in pain but he didn't cry out.

I was frozen in my tracks. This is not like a boy and girl. . .it's like two girls. I blinked as if to awaken from a nightmare.

Still humping and grinding her pelvis against his, Mia lowered the strap of Dana's nightgown and cupping her hand under his breast, bounced it up and down. My vision concentrated on its movement. A fat boy's chest on Dana's slender frame. . .no, they were now breasts! Over a handful with erect pink nipples.

Dana was moaning and writhing in passion under Mia's pelvic contact---grinding forward into her thrusting manlike movements.

I backed out of the room as quietly as I entered. After all. . .they weren't having sex. . .or were they? It was more like "experimentation or exploration"---the kind girls do.

Sleep did not come easy for me that night as I worried about Dana's future. With his figure, looks, and voice. . .could he ever go back to being a boy?

The next morning, I went to Dana's room *knocking loudly* before I entered. While we chatted about the movie and future roles, he did his makeup, while wearing a sweet delicate negligee.

I said nothing about the night before. . .it was the most *natural* thing that had happened to him for a long time.

Mia leaves no doubt that she is the dominant member of the twosome, and that serves to keep Dana under her thumb. No matter how hard he tries, Dana can never win an argument with the determined Mia, and most of the time, he doesn't even try. She always gets her way in the end! Sometimes though, when she isn't around, he'll imply that he would like to return to his former life, although without the fat.

• • •

*'Motherhood'. I'm sure that my mother never read any book on the subject. Only now am I beginning to understand how my mother, so monstrously self-absorbed and self-deceiving could believe herself to be generous and loving. While I resented her in some ways, I admired her in many others---her courage, her determination in the only career she'd ever known.*

*An aging, ambitious movie goddess who thought she was loyal, kind and maternal---a terrifying combination.*

*In the BIZ, I see how difficult and cut-throat everyone is and what is required to succeed.*

*Under the influence of a blossoming acting career, I lost my resentment over my pierced ears, and how I had been treated. . .the femininity in me has predominated and it is thrilling.*

*One day, late in the afternoon, as I was dressing for a dinner date, Mother came into my boudoir. She placed three pairs of earrings on my dressing table that she had bought for me that day. They were very lovely. I examined and admired them with much interest.*

*Mother took up the long pair with the small diamonds and put them on me, hooking the wires through the holes in my ears. The soreness had long gone. "How nice they look on you," she said. "Swing your head and see if you like to feel them against your face."*

*Looking in the mirror, I did as she said, and as I stared at my pretty girlish reflection, a sudden glow of pleasure swept through my body. That moment was a positive step in my transformation from a boy's mind set into a girl's. Mine was a feeling of happiness and contentment.*

*I was happy to be a girl, and I wanted to always wear pretty feminine clothes. I truly loved Mia and my glamorous life.*

*A tear came to my eyes. Mia saw it and asked why.*

*I told her that I was still unsure about what was happening to me. I said, "I wish I was really a girl so I wouldn't ever have to think about being a boy again! I sometimes wish there was something I could do."*

*"Maybe there is sweetheart," she whispered, "I'm still in touch with Dr. Freed. She has expanded her business to include cosmetic surgery. She performs cosmetic work on the 'fatties' while they are at the clinic. I'm sure she could make a few improvements so you won't have to think about being a boy. . .ever again."*

*"Oh my," I gasped. The thought was terrifying. . .but exciting. We had a lively discussion about the possibilities. I could really be a girl---forever.*

*I had grown to love my long golden hair, my pretty dresses, my high heels and my dainty silken lingerie. I was even glad now that I had breasts. I liked it because it gave*

*me that girlish figure, that rounded voluptuous look. I now found myself admiring my figure as I turned from side to side.*

*Like Mia promised the day they pierced my ears, I gradually came to love my earrings and the feel of them as I swung my head from side to side and felt their long dangling stems gently strike against my cheeks. I always want to wear earrings! I never want to be without them.*

*My whole nature seemed to be transformed, and the earrings had been the turning point.*

*Mother stood watching me, and I believe she could read my thoughts and see the change in me, for she smiled very sweetly. I felt a sudden affection for her. I forgot all her past cruelty to me, for I felt very grateful to her.*

*"Mother," I said, "I want to thank you for making me into a girl. Your motives were selfish, and I know you brought Mia here to help control me in the beginning. I was very bitter at first, and I resented everything you did. I've changed now though, and I want to be your daughter forever."*

*She was delighted to hear me say these things as she had succeeded in making me not only look like a lady, but feel like one and to want to be one. She had feminized my mind, my feelings, my nature, and made me delighted to be a girl, so far as I could be.*

*"Come and kiss your mother, darling," she said, and enfolded me in her arms. I was full of girlish affection for her, and returned her kisses.*

*That was the turning point and the beginning for me of a happy feminine existence. This has continued for years, in fact, right to the present time. You see, I am a young lady and a successful actress of 25, as I write these memoirs.*

*Now, in an interesting and delightful period in my life, I'm content to live as a girl. I'm also on the best of terms with my mother. I lead a pleasant home life, enjoy my feminine role, my feminine occupation, my feminine clothes, and my girlish beauty.*

*I sometimes wish I could be a boy again for a day or even an hour but I never wish to change back to a boy fully. The idea of dressing and living all the time as a boy is repugnant. How could anybody want to be a boy? Not I! I looked*

*forward with pleasure to a long feminine life. I hope to grow into a beautiful woman, sought after and admired by all. I love indulging myself with pretty lingerie, lovely dresses, jewels, and furs in the height of feminine fashion. Being considered a female is something really special.*

• • •

I know all this started with my wanting to revive my career, but now, I'm content to be the mother and agent of the most promising young actress on the horizon. Look out for the next picture starring Dana Watts! I promise it will be a blockbuster!

The nerve of that Dr. Freed. I got a call the other day from an overweight actress. She told me that Dr. Freed had told her to call me. She said, "So I threatened to sue her if she didn't accept me and my two obese sons. . .Dr. Freed was nice but suggested I talk to you first. What do you think. . .did you lose weight?"

I thought for a moment. Could I really recommend the clinic? Although I hated Dr. Freed her methods worked. . .in a way. I said, "Tell me about your sons?"

THE END

### Epilogue

*P.S. Mia left to accept a position with Dr. Freed at her new clinic in Beverly Hills. Her departure was a time of great sadness, but we would still see a lot of one another when the new clinic opened. As Dr. Freed's ventures have thrived, so have Mia's. She has recently been promoted to the position of Director of the Beverly Hills clinic called the **CHRISSEY INSTITUTE**. . .*

*Although I've grown comfortable with my daily routine as an actress, at times I still find myself harboring feelings of resentment toward Mother for her role in my transformation. Her anxiety to regain her status as a film star is what brought all this on in the beginning!*

*To get even, I covertly arranged a wonderful leading role for her in a TV series. The part called for a drastically overweight woman. It required that Mom had to gain fifty pounds to fit the role. She jumped at the opportunity to get back into show business. Her hard work at the clinic was all for naught, and her hard earned fabulous figure is long gone. I'm now content as she waddles about the house*

*stuffing her fat face with high calorie foods like the old days!!! Who says revenge isn't sweet. . .sweet as candy?*

*Dana*

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